

And Her World was Black and Red

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And Her World was Black and Red

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Summary

Mako and Ryuko make love for the first time, but Ryuko needs to talk through her issues.

Notes

See the end of the work for [notes](#)

From the bathroom, Mako lead Ryuko by the hand back to their bedroom, walking along with as little care in the world as she would clothed, save for that innocent, yet knowing little smile she wore, goading Ryuko to continue anyway, bright red, covering herself as best she could, with an arm crossed over her chest and thighs pressed together as tight as Mako's stride permitted her to.

“I.. still don’t know why I let you talk me into this, Mako, eh.. you know how I feel about getting naked.”

Mako blinked.

“What do you mean? You look great!”

It was Ryuko's turn to blink.

After a moment of basking in silence, having collected her thoughts, Mako turned to face her, holding her hand in both of her own, bringing them up above her chest as if to beg her to listen, those sugary eyes of hers warmed, and she quavered, “I... just want to make you feel happy, if I’m honest. I’m not so good with words, I’m way better with my heart, my body.. do you.. trust me, Ryuko?” A side of her that she had never seen before, a chick normally so peppy, so unshakably optimistic, energetic- loud- now, quiet, unsure.

“Mako.. you do make me happy. Happier than I’ve ever been, happy in a way I can’t explain. If it were anyone else I’d be pissed off or deck ‘em but you. You’re so earnestly yourself, I gotta respect that, and. You light up every room you’re in- Sis’s backlight pales in comparison to your spotlight, eheh..” She put her hand behind her head, eyes shut and smiling- suddenly realizing she left her breasts exposed and promptly shot her arm right back where it was.

Mako's lip curled in a pensive frown. “I need you to answer me. We don’t have to do this if you don’t wanna, Ryuko. The last thing I want is to put you through something you didn’t want.” Those caramel eyes reflected Ryuko’s face back at her, and in them, there was nothing but warmth and admiration for her- it was a weird, fuzzy feeling.. she needed a sec to gather herself, to breathe.

“I do want this, Mako. I trust you- I just.. have never done anything like this before. Hell, sometimes I feel like a stranger in my own body, with the looks I get so.. could you... I dunno, take the lead..?” She removed her arm from her chest, and rested her hand, her faith, in Mako’s and gave her an uncertain smile. That cute face of Mako's lit up like a fuse, but instead of the usual explosion of joy and excitement that came from her, it was relief, determination.

“I can do that. I won’t let you down, Ryuko, tap out anytime you want, okay?” A quiet nod of affirmation, and in what felt like a whirlwind of motion, Mako led her to bed, invited her to lay back, legs spread- had the room always been this cold? Just as the thought crossed her mind, she felt the warmth of Mako’s leg brushing up against hers.

“I saw this in a magazine once.. lift that leg for me, I tuck mine under yours, and rest my other over yours, scoot in close..” Closer and closer still, and the cold all but felt a distant

memory, red hot flushing her face, her body, she couldn't look.. she felt her labia against.. Mako's..

"W-why does this feel so.. weird."

"Aw jeez, you really haven't done anything like this before, huh.. well. It's pleasure."

"Pleasure..?"

"Pleasure." Mako affirmed, leaning forward, a pair of fingers reaching for the zone of impact.. "Here, this might feel a little intense, tap out if you need." She could feel it, Mako spread her folds apart, the tips of her fingers searching for something, brushing against some kind of n-

"Nnhhh-" before she even processed what was happening, her hand grabbed at Mako's and ripped it out, her other hand tapping out, and only after did she look up and realize she had Mako's arm in a vice grip between her thighs, and promptly freed her. Without a word, Ryuko curled away from Mako, withdrew to the corner of the bed, and hugged her knees to her body. It was all she could do to try and steady her stunted, erratic breathing and banish the memory. A little noise escaped Mako's voice, whether out of surprise or hurt, she couldn't say. Mako joined her little corner of the bed, sitting down next to her, and, laying a hand on her shoulder, idly stroked over her.

"Ryuko.. talk to me, what happened?"

It took her a minute to settle down, to try and steady her voice, staunch the quiet tears that dribbled down her face, unblock the tightness in her throat. The memories flashing just behind her eyes like they were just yesterday, Ragyo and Nui.. feeling her up like some kind of doll, some.. PLAYTHING. Like she wasn't a person anymore but an object..

"I... Ffffuck.. you don't remember, you weren't there when it happened, after I, ran off on my own, to fight Nui, and Satsuki's mom. I was pissed at the world, pissed at myself, pissed at them most of all. I was grappling with the new reality that I was some kind of.. human, life fiber hybrid and it shook me up. I thought killing them would fix it, give me some kind of quiet at least. They captured me."

Mako nodded, "Next I saw you, you were wearing Junketsu."

"It was wearing Me, not the other way around.. before I got stitched up in it, Ragyo and Nui.. they stuck me up with needles and thread and I couldn't move, I could only endure while they felt me up, stuck their fingers where you stuck yours just now.. Their stupid voices taunting me and I was helpless against them, body and mind, and they did something, overwrite my memories.. showed me a world where I didn't know my dad, where Ragyo was some kinda fairytale mom and showed me a life that could've been, that could still be. It was perverted, it was wrong, it was a LIE and yet.. something about it, called to me, I'd wanted to give up for so long and here it was. The perfect fantasy to get lost in. Give up everything, give up being me."

"So that.. reminded you of that time.. Ryuko.." Mako fidgeted in place, cozying up next to her for comfort.

"I know you didn't mean it to be that way. I.." She lingered, caught between her gut reaction and what she told Mako, "No. I need to face this."

"Are you sure?"

"Positive, if Senketsu were here I feel like he'd want me to. I dunno, 'reclaim my life, my body' or something wizened like that."

"But Senketsu is here. He's inside you, right there." She pointed at her heart.. doubtless still sparkling from the life fiber infusion. She didn't mean it literally and yet..

"Yeah. You're right, Mako. He's still here with us. I'd. Like to continue."

A quiet nod, and she felt Mako's fingers against her clitoris.. pushing down those shit memories, choosing to ride the waves of pleasure.. it was a struggle. She bit her lip, drew blood, she stifled and caught her breath and shuddered, moaned. She felt warm, present, the world was just herself and Mako, now. She could do this, here in the privacy of black and red and two beating hearts... for what felt like the first time in her life, she felt truly safe. Mako took her hand, guided her down, pressed her own fingers to her own clit, invited her to rub at herself...

"You're doing great, Ryuko, just do what feels good, okay? I'm going to try something.."

All of a sudden she felt a grinding sensation- Mako's folds slipping alongside her own... so warm.. ffffuck, she could feel herself getting wet, trading juices with Mako. Her nips stiffened up and it wasn't from the cold.. her left eye open, she saw Mako thumbing at her own teat. Fuck it.. they were a knot of limbs and flesh and warmth and love. Rubbing themselves and at each other, Ryuko's fingers in Mako's folds, Mako's in Ryuko's. Seconds seemed like minutes seemed like hours and before she knew it she forgot what words were, and hers was the language of breath and body and stifled moans, a catch in the throat and she was overcome- she couldn't help it.. she made a mess on the blankets, and Mako wasn't far behind her.. they finished together. She was heaving, head back on the pillow, eyelids heavy from the exertion, she felt aglow, and, there was a familiar warmth beside her.

"Ryuko.. how do you feel?"

"Ssafe," She panted, "Warm.." She couldn't see it, but she could feel Mako's gentle smile gazing down at her.

"Come here, I want to keep you that way, just turn into me." Wordlessly, she was on her side. The blankets came over the two of them, and.. her face was in Mako's chest.. Mako's arm around her waist.. Hhffh.. she could get used to this.. she slipped her own arm around Mako's back, and the world was black and red, and warm.

End Notes

Hey! Raika here, thanks for reading!

This is my first time writing a fic and deciding to share it online,
KLK changed my life for the better and I needed to express my gratitude to it somehow.
Maybe I'll learn HTML someday but that day is not today.

Thank you to my brother Weiss, my girlfriend Rayne, and my good friend Igor for
encouraging me to write and share fic.

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!